

Coke Run Gone Wrong

Two o'clock in the morning. Pouring rain. One hundred miles per hour. Red brake lights.

The night after his High School graduation, eighteen-year-old Brady Alwine and his three friends were hanging out in the back of his father's health food store in Newton, Pennsylvania. After hours of drinking alcohol and smoking weed, the four decided to drive forty-five minutes to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania to buy a couple grams of cocaine. Brady, despite his mental state, decided to be the designated driver for the excursion and drive one of his friend's cars.

The four were in a hurry because the coke dealers stopped selling around three o'clock a.m. Brady was going one hundred miles per hour, in the pouring rain, when he saw red brake lights ahead. Seconds later, he crashed the car into a tractor truck in front of him, spun out, and finally came to a stop when he jammed into the guardrail on the freeway. Brady was the only one still conscious of his friends. A witness to the crash called the police, and they showed up within minutes.

Many ambulances came to the scene and took his friends to the hospital. The police questioned Brady, and he told them the four were going for a "joy ride." He then got breathalyzed and was quickly handcuffed. His blood alcohol content was .4, while the legal limit for driving a vehicle under the influence is .2 for those under 21.

Brady said, "When I was in the cop car, I was telling jokes the whole way. The cops said I was the best DUI they've gotten, usually the guys are crying." The cops took Brady to the hospital to get his blood tested and then took him to the police station.

At five o'clock in the morning his Mom picked him up from the police station.

Two months after the incident, the court sent Brady a letter notifying him of his first court appearance in July.

He said, "the pre-trial, arraignment, and the official sentencing all cost so much money. I had to pay for lawyers, court time, and all of the fines.

Throughout the process, Brady had started his first year of college. He traveled from New York to Philadelphia for his many court dates and eventually had to miss one due to his stress level with school. In December, Brady's lawyer told him he would have to serve jail time because he was going over eighty miles per hour at the time of the crash. The official sentencing was January of 2017, during his winter break. The judge ordered Brady to serve the forty-eight hour sentence, which required the felon to spend a full forty-eight hours in jail. During those two days, the inmate is taken to another location from seven a.m. to three p.m. for their DUI class. Based on the dates of the DUI class, Brady served his two days one week after the initial sentence.

When Brady first entered the jail, he was barley searched, which was strange as the police usually do a full body search on all inmates when they enter. He said, "I walked in with my long, shaggy hair. I swear I saw this dude eye fucking me." He was put in a small room with another DUI inmate who he claimed was "in their 40's or 50's." He was told the officers put him with that specific inmate because "there were a lot of violent members on my block."

The police told Brady not to smoke on the property. "They told me you're going to see people smoke cigs in the bathroom, don't do that. You haven't been here long enough. No one is allowed to anyways, but just don't do it."

During those two days, when Brady wasn't in class he was sleeping. He didn't bring a book, a change of clothes, or toiletries. The only thing he brought was money. He said the food was terrible. The only food he ate was the first dinner served: salad, white bread, and turkey mash. On the second day, the bus driver that took him to and from his DUI class let him stop at WaWa on his way back to jail.

Brady described his last hour in jail as the longest of his life. He was released an hour after he was told he would be. "I was freaking out, I didn't know if I was going to leave, if they found something else, I was staring at the clock, dying."

As soon as Brady finished his time in jail, his Dad took him home and he left for his second semester of college the next day. He no longer had to worry about court dates, or meetings with lawyers. He only has the report on his record for the rest of his life to remind him of his traumatizing experience.